

YELLOWJACKET

COMICS

10¢
NO. 6



IN THIS ISSUE
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THE HUNTRESS



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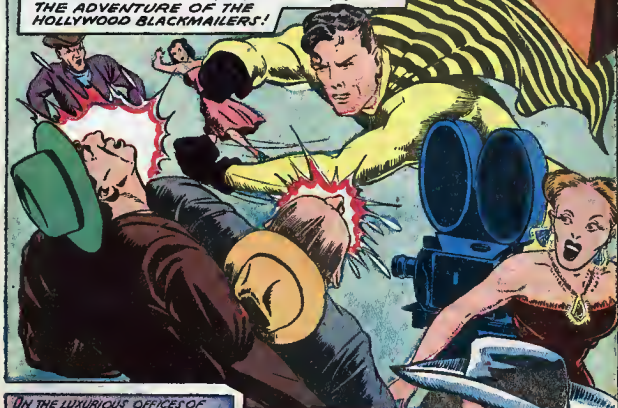
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YELLOWJACKET

YELLOWJACKET FIGHTS CRIME AMONG THE SETTINGS OF SCREENLAND! FAMED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS VINCE HARLEY, BRILLIANT MYSTERY STORY WRITER, YELLOWJACKET GOES TO THE CAPITAL OF MOVIE MAKING AS A SCENARIO WRITER-AND STAYS TO SLUG IT OUT WITH REAL CRIMINALS IN-- THE ADVENTURE OF THE HOLLYWOOD BLACKMAILERS!



IN THE LUXURIOUS OFFICES OF ROY SELLSNICKER, PRESIDENT OF PARAMET PICTURES--

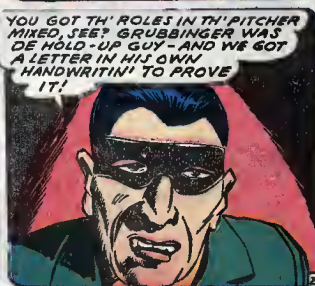
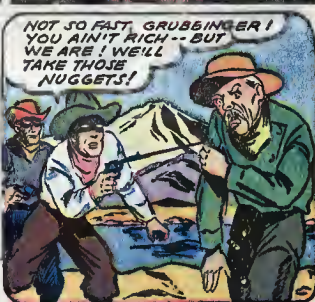
WELCOME TO MIRACLE, VINCE! WE'LL EXPECT YOU TO TURN OUT THE SUPER-CHILLER MOVIE OF THE YEAR! BUT BEFORE YOU START, HOW ABOUT LOOKING AT FINE, MR. SOME RUSHES DOWNSTAIRS?

SELLSNICKER!

THESE RUSHES MIGHT GIVE YOU SOME TIPS ON TECHNIQUE. RIGHT NOW, WE'RE FILMING THE LIFE OF GRUBBINGER, THE PIONEER.

SOUNDS LIKE GREAT PICTURE MATERIAL!





YOU KIN GO ON WIT' YER LITTLE FAIRY TALE -- BY BUYING DE LETTER FER HALF A MILLION! WE'LL DEAL THROUGH HARRY SLAGG, MISS GRUBBINGER'S AGENT! HE KIN TELL YOUSE HOW TO MAKE TH' PAYOFF!

IT'S A LIE! MY ANCESTOR WAS NO ROBBER!

NOW TO UNWIND THIS REEL -- LIFE MYSTERY!



UH-H!

I'LL HAVE YOU UNTIED IN JUST A MOMENT, OLD BOY--AS SOON AS I EXAMINE THAT FILM!

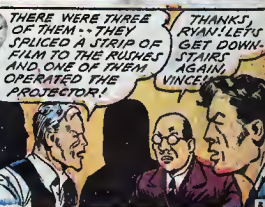


JUST AS I THOUGHT -- A QUICK JOB OF SPLICING! VERY INTERESTING!



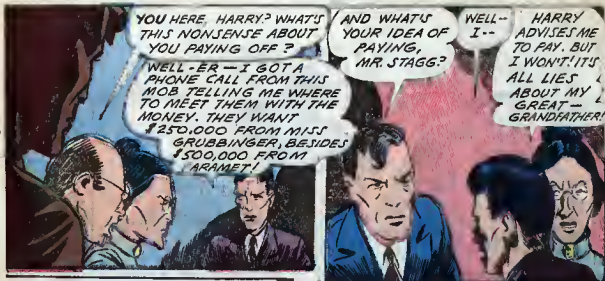
HA! I SEE YOU BEAT ME VINCE! DID YOU CATCH SIGHT OF THOSE BLACKMAILING SCOUNDRELS?

THEY WERE GONE WHEN I GOT HERE! LET'S HEAR WHAT THIS MAN CAN TELL US!

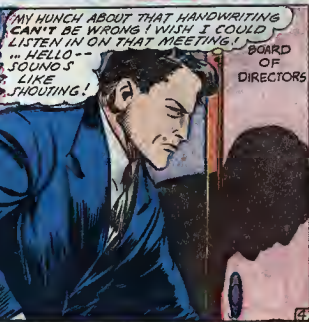
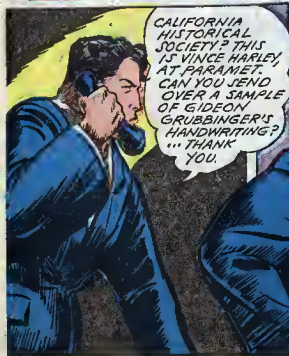
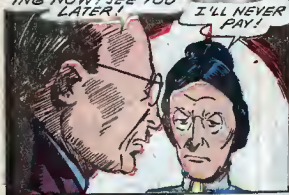


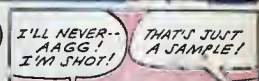
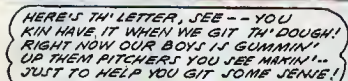
THERE WERE THREE OF THEM -- THEY SPLICED A STRIP OF FILM TO THE RUSHES AND ONE OF THEM OPERATED THE PROJECTOR!

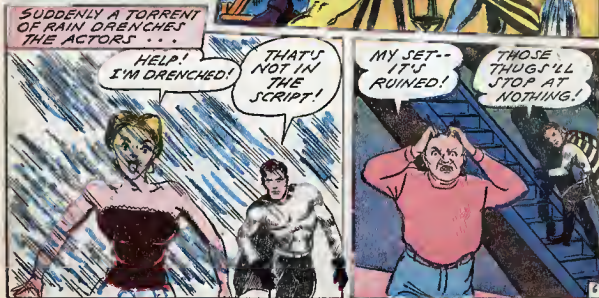
THANKS, RYAN! LET'S GET DOWN-STAIRS AGAIN, VINCE!



HARRY MAY BE RIGHT! WE'VE GOT A BIG INVESTMENT IN THIS PICTURE! BUT I'M OFF TO A BOARD MEETING NOW! SEE YOU LATER!

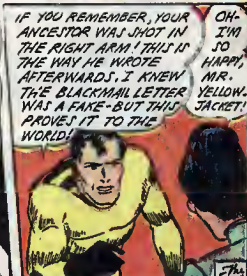
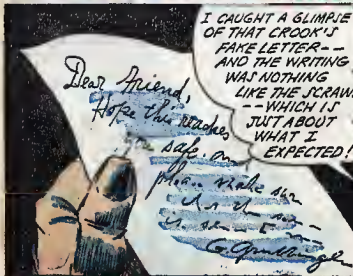
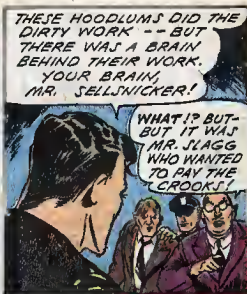












YELLOWJACKET

IN
THE ADVENTURE
OF THE
GOLDEN HORN
MURDER!

THE PAGE
HISTORY COMES A MOTIVE FOR
MURDER, ANECDOTE AND SPINE
TINGLING AS A POC THRILLER!
THEY WERE ALL OUT TO GET
THE GOLDEN HORN... ONE
BY MEANS OF MONEY...
THE OTHER BY MEANS OF
MURDER! VINCE HARLEY,
THE YELLOWJACKET,
PLUNGES TO THE BOTTOM
OF THIS MYSTERY TO
COME UP WITH A CLUE
THAT NEATLY SOLVES
"THE GOLDEN HORN
MURDER!"



IN THE EDITORIAL OFFICE OF DARK DETECTIVE MAGAZINE WHERE VINCE HARLEY, FICTION DETECTIVE SCRIBE, TALKS TO HIS EDITOR...

"I KNOW, VINCE... HISTORY HAS GIVEN US MANY GOOD CRIME STORIES! TAKE THE BORGIA FAMILY FOR INSTANCE!"

SAY... THAT'S AN IDEA, DON!



HEY... WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

SLACK OFF, CHIEF! I'M HEADING FOR THE MET MUSEUM! THEY'VE GOT THE BORGIA COLLECTION OF POISON CUPS... COULD BE I'LL GET A STORY IDEA FROM THEM!



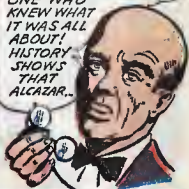
AS VINCE HARLEY DRIVES TO THE MUSEUM, DR. RONALD NIELSON, HEAD OF THE MET'S RESEARCH DEPT., APPEARS QUITE ENTHUSIASTIC OVER A RARE FIND...

I TELL YOU, WILSON, I'VE SEEN THE HORN OF ALCAZAR!

POSH, DOCTOR NIELSON!



DOCTOR NIELSON... YOU MAINTAIN YOU'VE SEEN THE GOLDEN POWDER HORN OF THE PIRATE ALCAZAR? HOW SILLY! WHY, THAT HORN WOULD BE WORTH MILLIONS TO ONE WHO KNEW WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT! HISTORY SHOWS THAT ALCAZAR...



...THE FABULOUSLY WEALTHY PIRATE BECAME AFRAID FOR HIS WEALTH.

"THE ENGLISH PIRATE HUNTERS GAVE HIM CHASE! ALCAZAR DUCKED INTO A FLORIDIAN COVE AND ONE DAY HE HAD HIS CREW STORE HIS TREASURES IN A SECRET CAVE ON THE COAST."

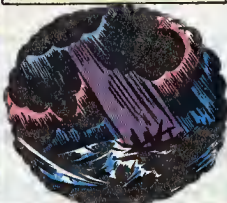
"BACK ABOARD HIS GALLEON, ALCAZAR AND HIS TRUSTED LIEUTENANT FELIX, SLEW THE CREWMEN WHILE THEY SLEPT."



"THEN, ALCAZAR ENGRAVED A MAP OF THE CAVE'S POSITION ON HIS GOLDEN HORN..."



"...BUT AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT, A TROPICAL HURRICANE SEIZED ALCAZAR'S CREWLESS GALLEON AND IT JUNK OFF THE COAST OF FLORIDA WITH ALCAZAR AND THE HORN!"



"YOU ARE RIGHT, WILSON, EXCEPT FOR ONE INTERESTING POINT. I HAVE SOUND REASON TO BELIEVE THAT FELIX HAO SLAIN ALCAZAR, STOLE THE HORN, AND MADE HIS WAY ASHORE BEFORE THE STORM."

WHAT?



THAT'S ABSURD... IT COULDN'T... HUH...

WE SHALL SEE... COME IN!



AH... COME IN COUNT VINCENT! THIS IS WILSON, OUR RESEARCH AIDE.

GOOD AFTERNOON, GENTLEMEN!

I'M PLEASED TO MEET YOU!



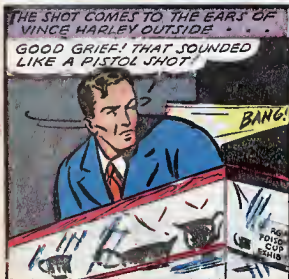
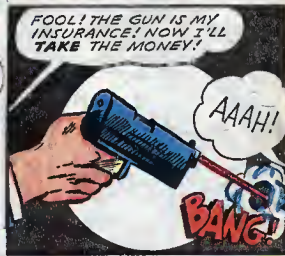
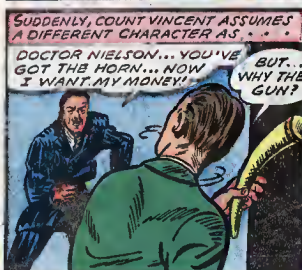
AH, YOU'VE BROUGHT THE HORN, I SEE!

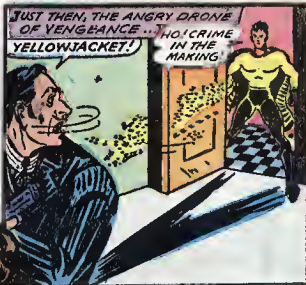
BUT YES, DOCTOR NIELSON, AND YOU HAVE THE MONEY I PRESUME?

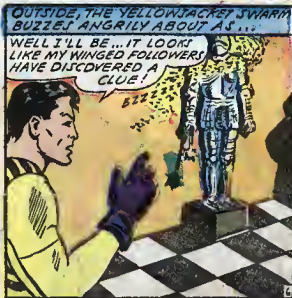
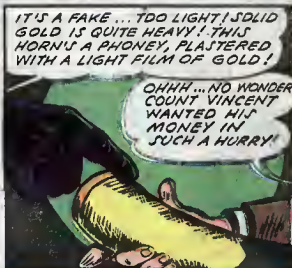
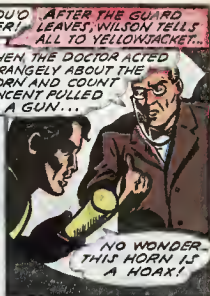


"YOU SEE, WILSON! COUNT VINCENT POSSESSES ALCAZAR'S GOLDEN HORN. IN THE INTEREST OF HISTORY, HE IS SELLING IT TO ME FOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS! I WILL DONATE THE HORN AND THE TREASURES I MAY FIND THROUGH IT TO THE MUSEUM!"









AND IF I DON'T MISS MY GUESS,
I'LL SWEAR THERE IS ONE
COUNT VINCENT WITHIN THAT
SUIT OF ARMOR!



BUT AS
YELLOWJACKET
NEARS HIS GOAL...

YEON!



DISCOVERING
ME WON'T DO
YOU MUCH GOOD,
YELLOWJACKET!

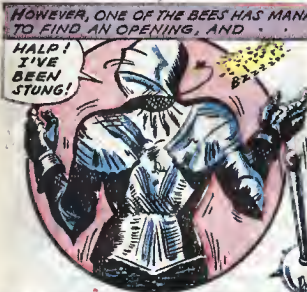
OH... OH...

NOW TO GET RID OF
YELLOWJACKET
FOR ALL TIMES!



HOWEVER, ONE OF THE BEES HAS MANAGED
TO FIND AN OPENING, AND...

HELP!
I'VE
BEEN
STUNG!



NOW GET OUT OF
THAT TIN CAN OUTFIT!
I'M GOING TO DO
SOME STINGING
OF MY OWN!



STOP...
I'LL GET
OUT!

OH!
YOU'VE
CAUGHT
COUNT
VINCENT!

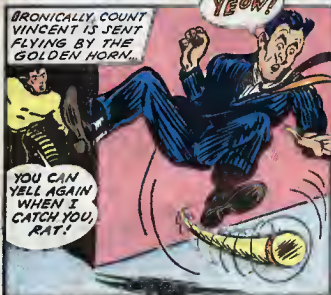
BUT OF
COURSE...
HURRY IT UP
VINCENT!



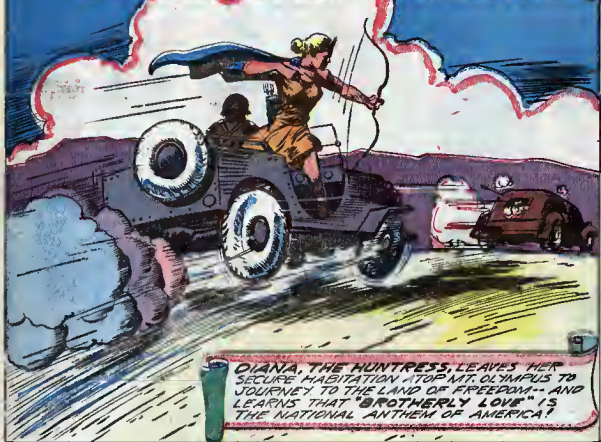
HERE, YELLOWJACKET
... TANGLE YOURSELF
UP IN THIS...



HEY... OW-W!
STOP HIM!



Diana the Huntress



DIANA, THE HUNTRESS, LEAVES HER SECURE HABITATION AT OP MT. OLYMPUS TO JOURNEY TO THE LAND OF FREEDOM-- AND LEARNS THAT "BROTHERLY LOVE" IS THE NATIONAL ANTHEM OF AMERICA!

DIANA: WHY DO YOU SIT SO GLUMLY?

I FEAR THAT MY SADNESS IS DUE TO THE DISEASE THAT HAS BE-FALLEN THE WORLD! THE SUFFERINGS CANNOT BE FORGOTTEN SO EASILY!

THAT IS SO! BUT THIS UNHAPPINESS THAT FILLS YOUR HEART MUST BE REMEDIED! I PRESCRIBE THAT YOU, DIANA, GODDESS OF THE HUNT, LEAVE AT ONCE AND VISIT THE UNITED STATES!



MEANWHILE, IN ONE OF AMERICA'S LARGEST CITIES... DOT! THAT SURE WAS AN EASY SNATCH FROM THAT RADIO QUIZZ PROGRAM, EH, BARNEY?

YEAH! WE WALKS RIGHT IN ON 'WHO'S GOT THE SILVER DOLLAR' AND WALKS RIGHT OUT WITH THE QUESTION ANSWERED!



WHAT'CHA GOT ON THE LIST FOR TODAY?

A GEM SHOP UPTOWN!



SUDDENLY---

HIYA, BARNEY! REMEMBER ME?

WHY? WHY IT'S JOE, ME KID BROTHER!



IT SURE IS GOOD TO SEE YA! WHY DIDN'T YA LET ME KNOW WHEN YOU WERE COMIN' IN?

WELL, I DIDN'T KNOW UNTIL THIS MORNING! THIS IS MY LAST FURLOUGH BEFORE GOIN' OVER!



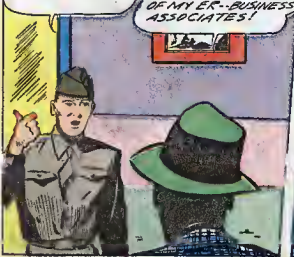
NO-O-O! WELL, IN HAD YA KNOWN! SO YOU'RE HEADIN' OVERSEAS, EH?

YEP, THIS IS IT, BARNEY!



SAY! WHO'RE YOUR FRIENDS?

HUH? OH, ER---- THEY'RE JUST SOME OF MY ER--BUSINESS ASSOCIATES!



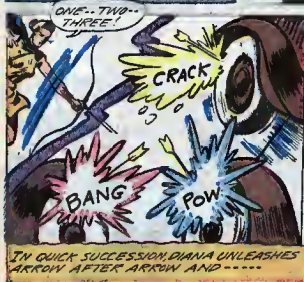
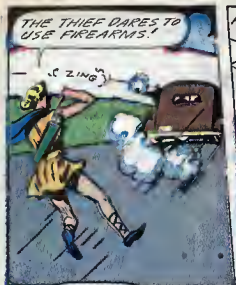
RIGHT NOW WE'VE GOT SOME BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO UPTOWN! JUST RELAX FOR A WHILE AND HERE'S A SOUVENIR FOR YOU!

GEE! A SILVER BUCK! THANKS, BARNEY!



MEANWHILE, DIANA, ARRIVING IN AMERICA, BEING A WOMAN, IMMEDIATELY TURNS TO WINDOW SHOPPING---





SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

WELL, MY FURLOUGH'S OVER TOMORROW, BARNEY! I HOPE YOU'LL SEE ME OFF TO THE TRAIN!

YOU BET I WILL, KID!

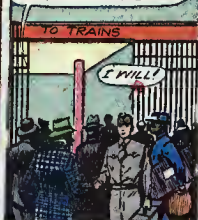


SEEM' THE KID OFF GIVES ME AN IDEA FOR ANOTHER JOB TO PULL!



THE FOLLOWING DAY...

THIS IS AS FAR AS I GO, KID! NOW TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF!



WELL, SO LONG, BARNEY! BE SEEN' YOU!

LIKEWISE, JOE! GOOD LUCK!



A MOMENT LATER...

HELLO, BOYS! HAVE YOU GOT THE TOOLS IN THE SUITCASES?

SURE THING, BARNEY!



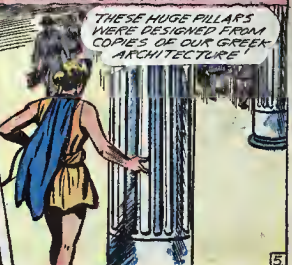
ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO! KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN AND YOUR TRIGGER FINGER ITCHY!

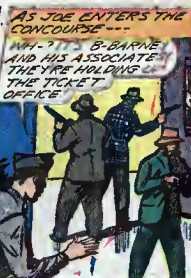
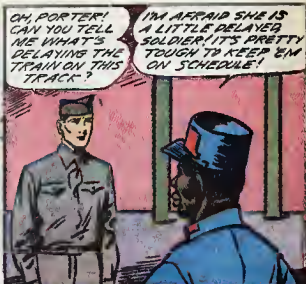
DON'T WORRY, BARNEY! THIS OUGHT TO BE A CINCH!

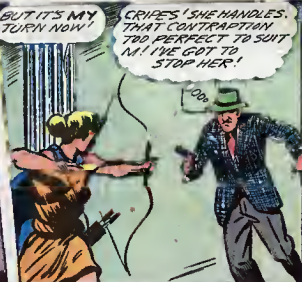


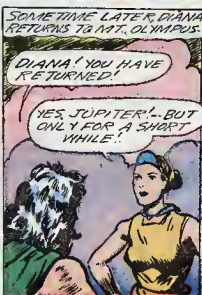
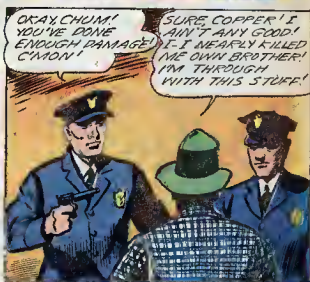
MEANWHILE, A FAMILIAR VISITOR STUDIES THE STATION'S CONSTRUCTION...

THESE HUGE PILLARS WERE DESIGNED FROM COPIES OF OUR GREEK ARCHITECTURE









Twain Shall Meet

CRISP steps sounded along the roadway beyond the fringe of trees and Buck and String crouched down into the brush, peering carefully out to watch the two guards moving past along the road. Beyond them, on the opposite side of the road, was the field, and at the far end of that stood the deserted building.

"Once they're out of sight," String whispered, "we go across, work up to that old shack, and from it we should be able to get a pretty good look at what's going on."

Buck rubbed the back of his neck. "You ain't just a-kiddin'," Buck drawled. "Wouldn't surprise me none to find more'n we're looking for. Well, Yankee, they're outta sight. You all sat?" "Wait a minute," String warned. "Let's be sure—"

"Darn!" Buck swore softly. "You Northerners are all alike. I still can't figure out how the South lost the war!"

"Don't bother. Just worry about winning this one. Later . . . we'll settle the other one between ourselves. Okay, hot-shot, if you're so sure you're ready, let's go."

"Who goes first?"

String hesitated, and Buck chuckled and slid forward. Over his shoulder he taunted, "We Southerners always had to take the lead. I'll go first, Yenk!"

* * * * *

AT THE edge of the road he looked in both directions, then, crouching, darted across and disappeared into the field of grain beyond. String waited a moment, breath held, a faint grin on his grim lips. He'd half expected to hear the sound of a shot, see Buck go tail over pin-feathers. Maybe they were waking . . .

Without hesitation now String gripped his rifle tightly, plunged across the open strip. He plunged into the grain field, caught the sound of a dry chuckle from near-by.

"Bet you expected to get your ears clipped that time," Buck drawled. "Okay, soldier. Let's keep moving."

They reached the edge of the field below the house and peered out. Perhaps forty feet separated them from the side of the structure.

"Doesn't seem to be anybody," Buck growled. "Okay, Yenk. Ready?"

He started up, but swiftly String reached out, yanked him down onto the ground out of sight again.

"Hold it!" String spat. "Over there—back of the building—"

"I reckon you've got something," Buck drawled. "What's up here? We've gotta find out right quick—"

"We'll work around to the back," String growled.

From the woods back of the house, men were moving across the open road leading into the woods. They were moving material in, equipment of some kind, and working entirely without light. Back in the darkness of the woods to the north, there came the sound of a motor truck.

"Stick here," Buck whispered. "I'll be back. . . . I hope!"

He wriggled away through the field. String lay flat on his belly, watching the thin line of men moving back and forth into the building. Something important was happening. . . .

* * * * *

THE grain stalks rattled and Buck crawled back. "We've gotta high-tail it back to camp!" he whispered warningly. "They're setting up a cannon there you could stuff an oil barrel into. That ain't all! There's another building over north a piece, and the same thing's going on there. When our outfit attacks—let's go!"

It seemed miles back to the road. String

wanted to get up, make a dash for it. It gave him the creeps to think of the huge field rifles being readied there, to open up on them at almost any time.

They reached the road at last, and after carefully looking up and down, String straightened to a crouch and started across. He reached the far side of the road, plunged into the weeds and brush.

And a second later, he brought up sharply, a snarl of anger escaping his lips. Directly before him stood a patrol, rifle leveled, staring at String over the barrel. Instantly String's body tensed but he knew at once it would be plain suicide to try to get the guy. And with Buck coming over right behind him—

But instead Buck came in from the side suddenly and silently, the blade of his knife flashing. String ducked, but the guard crumpled and his rifle fell—

From the woods to the left came the sharp crack of a rifle. It was a little blurred, too fast. String whirled, saw a tongue of flame, saw Buck going down into a low crouch, then slide over onto his face—

Swift anger flared up inside String and he stepped back, pressing behind the bole of a tree. For a second after the sound of the two shots, silence pressed in gradually, with just the wind in the trees, the faint rattle of leaves.

CAREFULLY String lowered himself to the ground, crouched there clutching his rifle, trying to think. Buck lay out there, with at least one bullet through his body. Perhaps both had hit home. Even so Buck might not be dead, but wouldn't last unless given immediate aid.

Cautiously, String worked his way forward, moving through the dark in a small circle, coming toward the spot where Buck lay from the rear. It was almost impossible to see more than the vague outlines of the trees. But if he didn't spot the remaining guard first—

A figure moved slightly before him and String tensed, laying his rifle down, gathering his body. His hand slid to the knife in his belt, closed upon the slim handle. Forward again, inching his way soundlessly, holding his breath, watching and waiting, praying he'd get close enough and that Buck wasn't dead...

A twig snapped faintly and instantly String launched himself across the remaining space. The guard whirled, muttering savagely as he attempted to swing the rifle around—

Buck crashed against him and they tumbled over into the brush, crashing to the

ground. The rifle went flying. The guard flung himself aside, jabbed backward with a vicious elbow, catching String beneath the chin. Pain juted down into him sharply, and for a split second he flung aside. The guard scrambled to his feet. . .

Half crouching, String hurled himself forward, struck his opponent just above the knees, sending both crashing to the earth. String followed up his attack. The knife in his hand flashed sharply. . .

He crawled back to where Buck was lying. He was breathing. String could feel the blood seeping through his uniform.

"Get—goin'," Buck whispered hoarsely. "You—Yankee—"

"Shut up," String ordered softly. "If you think I'm pulling out and leaving you here, you're nuts."

"No—good," Buck whispered. "Warn—the outfit—"

"Quiet!" String snarled, going to work fast.

Ordinarily, within easy reach of a doctor, the wound might not have been fatal. But now, alone and miles from their base, String knew Buck's chances weren't so hot. The only possible chance was to get him back as fast as possible.

Carefully, tenderly, String got his companion up onto his shoulders, turned and started back through the woods. It was a long way but it had to be done and it was worth it. He couldn't leave Buck here to die alone. . .

IT WAS further than String had realized. His slim, powerful body was exhausted when finally he staggered down the gentle slope and out toward the camp. Patrols picked them up. a jeep whined out of the darkness and a moment later they were rushing back through the darkness toward camp.

"You can talk to him for a minute," Captain Ryder permitted String. "He'll be okay. You're both entitled to all the credit in the world, for the importance of the mission you have accomplished."

There were circles under Buck's eyes, grim lines about his mouth, but he managed a grin as String stepped up to his bedside.

"I—I take it all—back," Buck whispered. "What—what I said—about you Yanks—" He waited a minute, eyes closed, grin broadening a little. He aded softly, "You—you're the fightin'—est—Northerner I ever—saw. But—I'll still take you on—when we get home!"

KING of The BEASTS

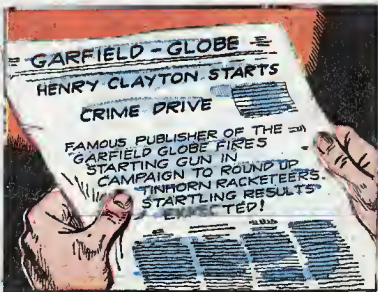
"LEFTY" DUGAN THOUGHT HE WAS ONE SMART GUY UNTIL HE MET UP WITH DANNY KING WHO WENT OUT OF HIS WAY TO PROVE THAT "LEFTY" WAS WRONG!

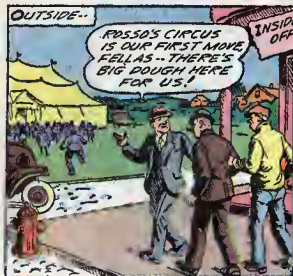


ROSSO'S CIRCUS HITS GARFIELD CITY...

WHAT DOES THE WEATHER MAN SAY, DANNY?

FORGET THE WEATHER, LUCY! HERE LOOK AT THIS!







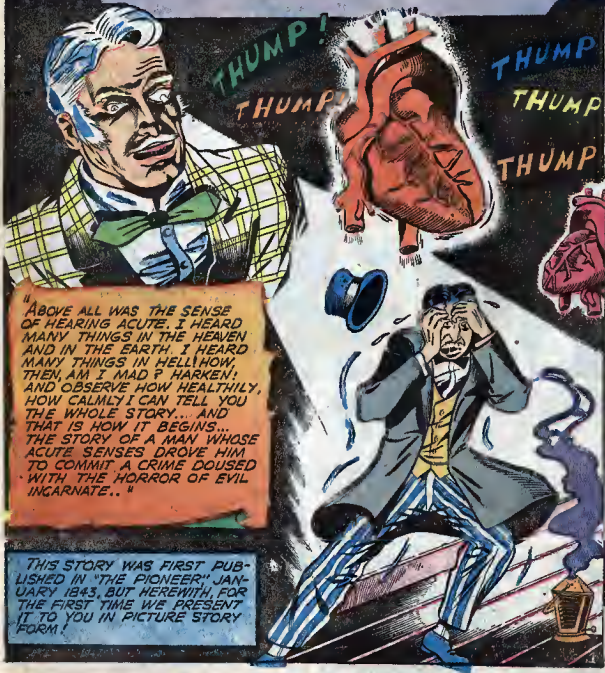






FAMOUS TALES of TERROR

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S,
"THE TELL TALE HEART"



"ABOVE ALL WAS THE SENSE OF HEARING ACUTE. I HEARD MANY THINGS IN THE HEAVEN AND IN THE EARTH. I HEARD MANY THINGS IN HELL! HOW, THEN, AM I MAD? HARKEN! AND OBSERVE HOW HEALTHILY, HOW CALMLY I CAN TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY... AND THAT IS HOW IT BEGINS... THE STORY OF A MAN WHOSE ACUTE SENSES DROVE HIM TO COMMIT A CRIME DOUSED WITH THE HORROR OF EVIL INCARNATE.."

THIS STORY WAS FIRST PUBLISHED IN "THE PIONEER," JANUARY 1843, BUT HEREWITH, FOR THE FIRST TIME WE PRESENT IT TO YOU IN PICTURE STORY FORM!

"OUR STORY UNFOLDS IN THE GLOOMY
QUARTERS OF MY VICTIM--THE OLD MAN
AND I WERE FAST FRIENDS---I MIGHT
SAY I LOVED HIM, BUT---



ONE OF HIS EYES RESEMBLED THAT
OF A VULTURE--WHenever IT FELL
ON ME, MY BLOOD RAN COLD!
THE EVIL EYE"



ONE DAY I MADE UP MY MIND TO
TAKE THE LIFE OF THE OLD MAN,
AND RID MYSELF OF THE INFLUENCE
OF THE EYE FOREVER



"I PROCEED WISELY--CAUTIOUSLY
AND WITH GREAT FORESIGHT--

"I'LL NEED
THIS LANTERN"



FOR SEVEN
NIGHTS ABOUT
MIDNIGHT, I
TURNED THE
LATCH OF
HIS DOOR,
AND WHEN
I MADE AN
OPENING,
I THRUST
FORWARD
MY
DARKENED
LANTERN--



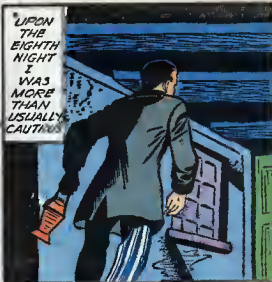
THEN I OPENED THE LANTERN---A
THIN RAY OF LIGHT FELL ON THE OLD
MAN'S VULTURE EYE, BUT I FOUND
THE EYE WAS ALWAYS CLOSED!"



"IT WAS NOT THE OLD MAN WHO VEXED ME, BUT HIS EVIL EYE. EVERY MORNING, I WENT AND SPOKE COURAGEOUSLY TO HIM INQUIRING HOW HE PASSED THE NIGHT."



"UPON THE EIGHTH NIGHT I WAS MORE THAN USUALLY CAUTIOUS."



"I HAD MY HEAD IN AS USUAL AND WAS ABOUT TO OPEN THE LANTERN, WHEN MY THUMB SLIPPED ON THE FASTENING AND---"

WHO'S THERE?



"PRESENTLY I HEARD A SLIGHT GROAN--IT WAS THE GROAN OF MORTAL TERROR! HIS FEARS HAD BEEN GROWING ON HIM!"

OHHHH ---



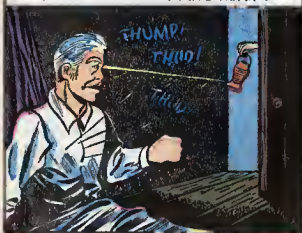
"I WAITED A LONG TIME BEFORE I OPENED A LITTLE CREVICE IN THE LANTERN, UNTIL---"



"O--UNTIL AT LENGTH THE SINGLE RAY SHOT FULL UPON THE VULTURE'S EYE OF THE OLD MAN!!!"



"SUDDENLY, THERE CAME TO MY EARS A LOW, DULL, QUICK SOUND---I KNEW THAT SOUND WELL-- IT WAS THE BEATING OF THE OLD MAN'S HEART."



"THE INFERNAL BEATING OF THE HEART INCREASED MY FURY."



"THE HELLISH TATTOO OF THE HEART INCREASED--IT GREW LOUDER AND LOUDER--IT EXCITED ME INTO UNCONTROLLABLE TERROR..."



"WITH A LOUD YELL, I LEAPED INTO THE ROOM--"



"IN AN INSTANT, I DRAGGED HIM TO THE FLOOR--"



"I PULLED THE HEAVY BED OVER HIM AND HELD HIM TO THE FLOOR, CUTTING OFF HIS LIFE'S BREATH--"



"AT LENGTH THE HEARTBEATS CEASED--
THE OLD MAN WAS DEAD!"



"I PLACED MY HAND ON THE HEART AND
HELD IT THERE--THERE WERE NO
PULSATIONS--HE WAS STONE DEAD"



"AT LAST!
AT LAST!"



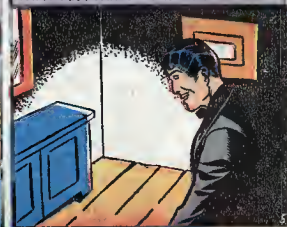
"IF YOU THINK
ME MAD, YOU
WILL NO
LONGER
WHEN YOU
VISUALIZE
THE WISE
PRECAUTIONS
I TOOK TO
CONCEAL
THE BODY!
FIRST, I
DISMEMBERED
THE
CORPSE"



"I THEN TOOK UP THREE PLANKS
FROM THE FLOORING OF THE CHAMBER--"



"I DISPOSED THE REMAINS IN
THE SPACE, THEN REPLACED
THE BOARDS SO CUNNINGLY THAT
NO HUMAN EYE COULD DETECT
THAT ANYTHING WAS WRONG--"



"IT WAS FOUR O'CLOCK WHEN THERE CAME A KNOCKING AT THE DOOR--"



"I OPENED THE DOOR WITH LIGHT HEART--I HAD NOTHING TO FEAR! THERE ENTERED THREE OFFICERS OF THE LAV--"



"A SHRIEK HAD BEEN MADE BY A NEIGHBOR DURING THE NIGHT! SUSPICION OF FOUL PLAY HAD BEEN AROUSED--THE OFFICERS HAD BEEN DEPUTIZED TO SEARCH THE PREMISES--"



"I BADE THEM ENTER---THE SHRIEK, I SAID, WAS MY OWN IN A DREAM. THE OLD MAN, I MENTIONED, WAS ABSENT IN THE COUNTRY. I BROUGHT CHAIRS INTO THE ROOM---"



"IN SHEER AUDACITY, I PLACED MY OWN SEAT UPON THE VERY SPOT WHERE BENEATH REPOSED THE VICTIM!"



"THE OFFICERS WERE SATISFIED. MY MANNER HAD CONVINCED THEM! THEY CHATTED OF FAMILIAR THINGS--"



"BUT ERE LONG, I FELT MYSELF GETTING PALE---MY HEAD ACHED AND THERE WAS A RINGING IN MY EARS."



"AT LENGTH, I FOUND THAT THE NOISE WAS NOT IN MY EARS! THE SOUND INCREASED---I GASPED FOR BREATH---"



"I AROSE AND MADE VIOLENT MOTIONS BUT THE NOISE STEADILY INCREASED--I FOAMED,--I RAVED--I SWORE, STILL IT GREW LOUDER--LOUDER--LOUDER--"



"I FELT THAT I MUST SCREAM OR DIE!--- AND NOW--- AGAIN---HARK! LOUDER! LOUDER! LOUDER!"



"VILLAINS, I SHRIEKED, DISSEMBLE NO MORE! I ADMIT THE DEED!"



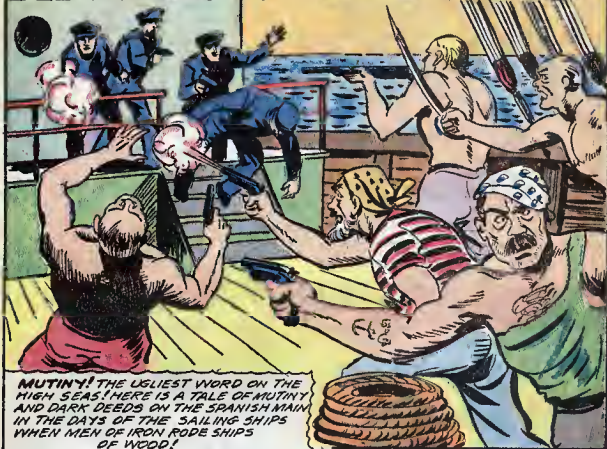
"TEAR UP THE PLANKS! HEAR, HEAR! IT IS THE BEATING OF HIS HIDEOUS HEART!"



ANOTHER TALES OF TERROR WILL BE FORTHCOMING! WATCH FOR OUR NEXT ISSUE OF YELLOWJACKET!



HARBOR LIGHTS



MUTINY! THE UGLIEST WORD ON THE HIGH SEAS! HERE IS A TALE OF MUTINY AND DARK DEEDS ON THE SPANISH MAIN IN THE DAYS OF THE SAILING SHIPS WHEN MEN OF IRON RODE SHIPS OF WOOD!

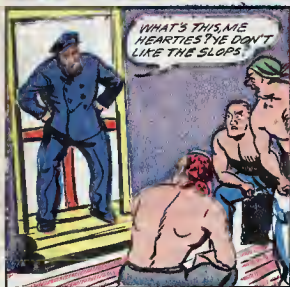
ABOARD A SLEEK LIBERTY SHIP---

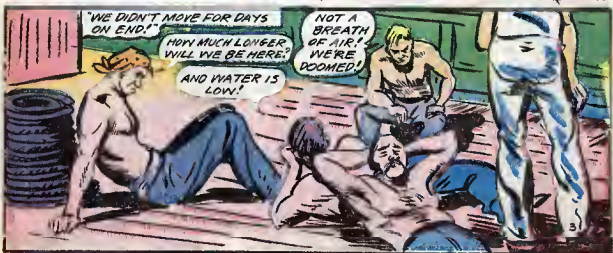
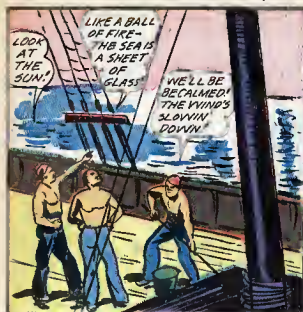
BAH! THEY'RE MAKIN' SOFTIES OUTTA THE SAILORS TODAY! YE SHOULD HAVE BEEN ON THE OLD WINDJAMMERS THAT ROLLED DOWN TO RIO!

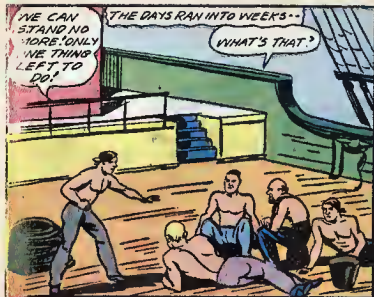
OKAY, POP! TELL US!

AYE, THAT I'LL DO! I'LL TELL YE THE TALE OF THE SEA DOG! SHE WAS CAPTAINED BY THE MEANEST SKIPPER ON THE SEVEN SEAS! THE SEA DOG WAS ON THE RUN BETWEEN NEW YORK AND RIO!









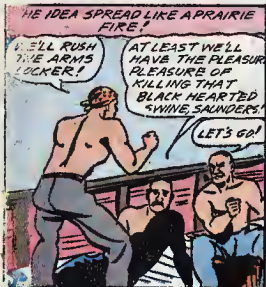
WE CAN STAND NO MORE! ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO!

THE DAYS RAN INTO WEEKS--

WHAT'S THAT?



SEIZE THE SHIP! MUTINY! KILL THE CAPTAIN AND OFFICERS! THAT WAY, AT LEAST, WE CAN HAVE OUR REVENGE!

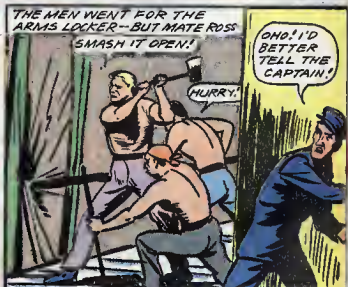


THE IDEA SPREAD LIKE A PRAIRIE FIRE!

WE'LL RUSH THE ARMS LOCKER!

AT LEAST WE'LL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF KILLING THAT BLACK HEARTED SWINE, SAUNDERS!

LET'S GO!



THE MEN WENT FOR THE ARMS LOCKER--BUT MATE ROSS SMASH IT OPEN!

HURRY!

OHG! I'D BETTER TELL THE CAPTAIN!



THEY'RE AT THE ARMS LOCKER, SIR!

THE SWINE! ROUND UP EVERY OFFICER! WE'LL FIGHT FROM THE BRIDGE!

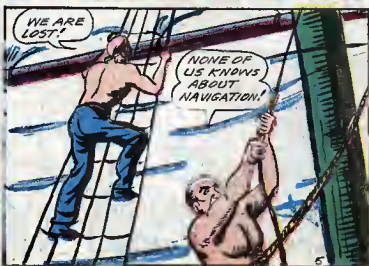
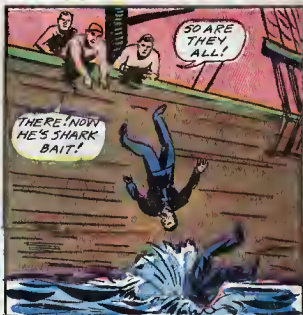
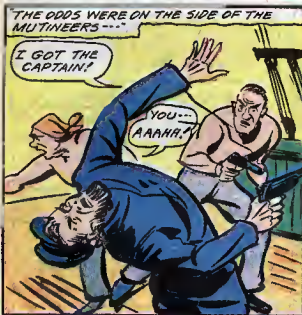
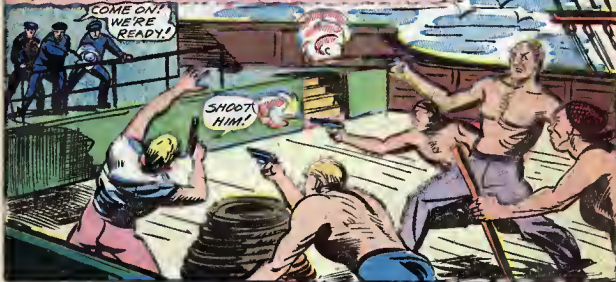


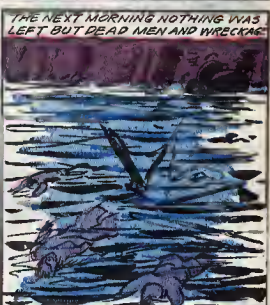
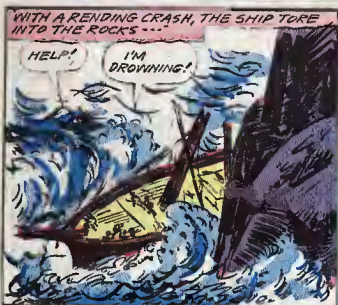
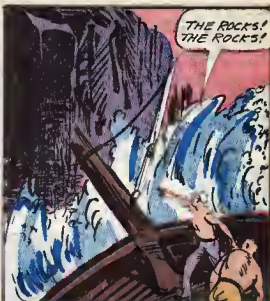
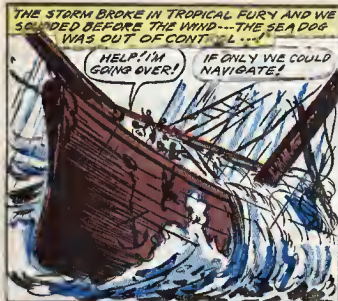
WATCH IT! THEY'RE ON TO US!

WE'LL HAVE TO SHOOT IT OUT.

BACK, YE LUBBERS!

WITH THE HOT SUN BURNING DOWN, THE FIGHT WENT ON--





YELLOWJACKET BEE STINGS



BEE NOTES

TODAY IN THE UNITED STATES BEE-KEEPING HAS BECOME A MOST IMPORTANT INDUSTRY.



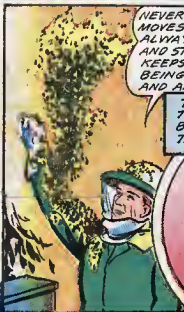
WELL, FOLKS, IT ISN'T SO HARD WHEN YOU KNOW HOW. FOR INSTANCE, A BEE WILL NEVER STING YOU UNLESS HE IS ANGRY. SO THE TRICK IS TO KEEP HIM FROM GETTING ANGRY.



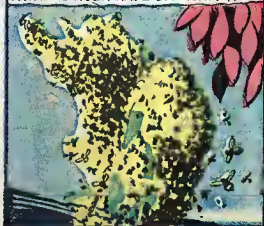
NEVER MAKE SUDDEN MOVES AROUND BEES. ALWAYS MOVE SLOWLY AND STEADILY. THIS KEEPS THEM FROM BEING FRIGHTENED AND ANGERED.

THIS IS A WORKER BEE. THEY ARE TOILERS OF THE BEE COMMUNITY. THEY ARE THE REAL RULERS OF THE HIVE

THERE ARE DRONES IN THE BEE WORLD. THESE TRY TO LIVE OFF THE EFFORTS OF THE OTHERS --- AND ARE SUCCESSFUL. THEN THERE IS THE QUEEN BEE WHO IS MISTRESS OF ALL SHE SURVEYS. IT IS FOR HER THAT THE WORKERS TOIL.



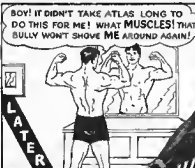
BEES MOVE IN SWARMS. EACH SWARM IS A SEPARATE COMMUNITY.



I LEARNED A FEW FUNDAMENTALS ABOUT BEE-KEEPING --- AND NOW I HAVE A MIGHTY WEAPON AGAINST CRIME AND EVIL.



HOW JOE'S BODY BROUGHT HIM FAME INSTEAD OF SHAME



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

If YOU, like Joe, have a body that others can "push around"—if you're ashamed to strip for sports or a swim—then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'll PROVE you can have a body you'll be proud of, packed with red-blooded vitality! "Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a spine-shanked, scrawny weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Does It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, fill out your arms and legs. Before you know it, this easy,

NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be! You'll be a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marvelous system. Read what they say—see how they looked before and after—in my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Send NOW for this book—FREE. It tells all about "Dynamic Tension," shows you actual photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champions. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off! Address me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 5210 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



Charles Atlas

—actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 5210
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A

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AND FEEL WHAT WE MEAN**

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"I am sure you will be pleased to know that it is by far the best and most practical supporter I have ever had. I have been pleased to show it to several of my friends and they are likewise impressed with it. You shall probably hear from some of them in the future."

Dr. A. M. S.

Standish, Mich.

"Enclosed find order for another belt. I wouldn't be without this supporter for ten times what it costs."

Dr. O. C. S.

St. Charles, Ill.

"Received the Commander about a week ago. To say that I am well pleased with it would be pulling it mildly—I can see that it fills a long felt want, giving the needed support and a most comfortable feel."

"I never miss pulling it on the first thing in the morning. Enclosed is my check for another."

J. McO

St. Paul, Minn.

"I recommend the Commander for what it is made for. It sure has been a great help to me. I want to thank you for what it has done. I might add it has helped me more than anything I have ever tried."

Fort Knox, Ky.

Above are just a few of the many unsolicited testimonials for the Commander that we receive regularly. Originals of these and others are on file.

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YELLOWJACKET VI #6 Frank pub 6.12/1945

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